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To win the war we must forget many of our peace traditions and prejudices, and fearlessly adopt war measures. Above all, we cannot hesitate to act because we are afraid of what may happen after the war. If we do not win, there will be little left to strive for. To win for democracy, no price is too high, and no sacrifice too great.

HOW ENGLAND MEETS HER LABOR

BY MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN,

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In fighting for democracy abroad we are gaining two of the biggest democratic principles at home. The first is the recognition of the rights and dignity of labor, and the other is women's freedom, because never before have we so clearly realized that the output of the machine is just as essential to victory as the gun at the front; and for the first time in the world's history mankind is looking to women to do specific and concrete tasks that are constructive as well as preventive. Every avenue of work is now open to women, and not only that but the whole world is expecting women to do that work well; for the first time women in industry are occupying just as dignified a position as men in industry.

Substitution of skilled labor for unskilled, or women taking the place of men, has not as yet come into as common use here as it has in England, and probably never will because of the fact that there is a much larger percentage of men to the population in this country than in England. At this moment 1,413,000 women are replacing men in industry in England in three kinds of substitution. One is direct substitution, where women replace men directly (this is not very common in skilled trades); and the other is indirect substitution, where women replace unskilled or partially skilled men so that they may be released to take the places of skilled workers who are called to the colors. In the latter case the women are generally lost sight of because of the attention concentrated on the skilled workers.

Then there is what is called group substitution, where a group of women take the place of a smaller group of men with a re-arrange-

ment of the processes. Women, with the help of improved automatic machinery, are able to do the work previously done by fully skilled workers. This is the most important means by which the labor of women has been introduced in England.

Processes are greatly modified in some cases. If a woman, working a machine next to a man working a similar machine, is not getting equal pay for what seems to be equal work, one is told that the process has been modified so as to suit the woman. During the war women have been brought into many processes which before were deemed unsuitable for them.

We have much to learn from the splendid precautions that have been taken as to the health of the workers in England, but those precautions were not taken at first. England has learned through experience that it pays better for the nation to conserve the health of her workers than to work them too long hours and at dangerous trades without proper care.

I went to several filling factories while in England and remember one that impressed me a great deal because it was the first one I had visited that consisted of a number of small houses, with only six or eight people working in each. They are separated from each other, so that in case of an explosion the whole factory is not endangered. These factories are all divided into what are called clean and dirty areas, and the houses are connected by wooden walks, which are the clean areas. When a visitor arrives he is required to go into the dressing room of the dirty area and leave his boots and put on shoes which are provided, so as to avoid taking out any of the dust which might be picked up on the floor.

These women workers are really in danger just as the men at the front are, especially those working in the T N T factory. Each factory has a hospital, and we saw in the wards persons in different stages of T N T poisoning. In the early days of the war it was very difficult to recognize T N T poisoning, and sufferers would very often be well advanced in the disease before they were taken care of, and in most cases it was too late to do anything for them so that they died in a very short time. Even now the medical profession is divided as to how the disease is contracted. One school in England thinks it is from absorption through the skin and another thinks that it is breathed in, but still they are watching the workers so closely that the percentage of deaths has been cut down

very largely. The tetryl poisoning, which is not a severe disease and very seldom causes death, produces irritation of the skin and great trouble with the eyes. Great care is also taken to prevent this form of poisoning, and the workers are made to cover their faces with a lotion before they go into the rooms where they handle the tetryl powder. I am told there are by far fewer cases of illness from that than formerly on account of the care taken.

When England first went into the war she had no conception, as we all know, that it was going to last more than, perhaps, a few months—that was her optimistic hope. A great number of workers were therefore thrown into towns where after a short time there was no possible way of taking care of them. They could not find rooms, and great hostels housing 600 and 800 and a thousand girls at one time were built. In many places those hostels are still in use. But the members of the Ministry of Munitions said to me over and over again, "Do when you go home impress on your nation that we made a great mistake, also that the chance of building up communities was lost and that those hostels are not satisfactory. The girls don't like them; it is not a good way to care for the girls. Beg your people not to build them."

On the border of Scotland, there is a big city ten and a half miles square, where they have almost attained perfection in housing the workers. They have built little brick houses where eight and ten girls and a matron live, and they are perfectly happy and contented. They have also done what I hope so much we will try to do here, and that is they have made a community centre, where a man when he is tired after working can go and get his bath, read his book in the library or go and play games. Everything is under one roof, instead of being spread about, as is the case in so many of the garden cities in England, with a bathing establishment in one corner of the town and a library in another and a schoolhouse in another, and so on.

There is much to learn from England, but more than anything else, more than the great welfare department can teach with all its statistics and the splendid work that the welfare supervisors are doing and have been able to do—more than anything else is the spirit of England that is behind all the work that is being done by all the men and women. The spirit of the Tommies, the endurance of the Tommies, is one of the most extraordinary things of this

age or any age, but it is in no way greater or more admirable than that of the women—the women, who in so many cases have lost every one in the world who belonged to them, and who have submerged their personal feelings into the great sea of their country's need—thousands and thousands of them who go out every morning and sometimes every evening into the factories, into all kinds of work all over Great Britain, and thousands and thousands of them over in France helping the work of the army—these women who are living every day in dread of what the day is going to bring to them.

I stayed in one factory a little while with the Welfare superintendent, where 25,000 women are at work making big shells and Horwitzer guns, and during the hour that I spent in the Welfare manager's room there were three women who came in, in turn, in great distress and each of them went up to the Welfare manager and whispered to her. She afterwards said to me, "Those women are asking for two days off. They have just told me that their son or their husband has gone West and they want two days to themselves." She said, "They are but a part of the steady stream that is coming all the time—it never stops, it is unending. In the two years and a half that I have had charge of this work at this factory I have never known one of these women to ask for a longer time or ever make a bid for sympathy of any kind.

Those women and the men too are living today in London under the most distressful conditions. They are living in the constant dread of air raids, which are very discouraging and not in the least attractive. In the west end of London one has every comfort, but in the east end of London, after an air raid there seems to be nothing but carnage left in its wake,—poor mothers and their little dead babies and people who in great illness and weakness have had to be dragged from their beds and taken down into the underground railroad or to some place for shelter, some of whom have contracted pneumonia because they were not fit to go out at the time. This is what follows in the wake of an air raid.

In the factories the women on the night shifts are taught when they first come in what to do in case of the alarm of an air raid. This winter there were weeks together when the alarm of an air raid was given practically every night. A great many nights they did not come quite to London and they did not drop bombs, and the Home Defence did not make the dreadful noise, the continuous

noise which I heard there one time for four hours without stopping with the shells dropping in the streets. It is quite as dreadful, and even more alarming than the sounds of bombs dropped by zeppelins.

These women are taught to gather in groups of ten or twelve and each group has a leader. Then they are marched out of the factories into a kind of underground tunnel that runs alongside of the wall. There is just room enough for them to stand up, and if they are very tall they sometimes find it more comfortable to lie down. Very often during the summer time a great many of them fall into a faint due to fright. One of the Welfare managers told me they had found that to prevent fainting and hysteria among the girls, to have them sing hymns was very often effective. This is the way they spend their nights.

Very often men and women coming to and from the factory are struck by pieces of shrapnel and killed or maimed. A man said to me the other day, after I came home, "I have just had a letter from my wife. We have five children, and the other morning about twelve o'clock my wife was giving some orders at the market in the village, and as she looked out the window she saw four zeppelins sailing toward the house. We live on the road to London. Suddenly she remembered that four of the children were out of the house. The baby is very young, so he was safe; he was indoors. After the raid took place and bombs were dropped in that neighborhood, the children could not be found and brought in until the raid was over, and then they discovered that out of the four only one had been wounded. His shoulder and his arm were wounded so that he will probably be maimed for life." This husband is a newspaper man over here now. They are not people of means and they have no cellar to their house, and cannot afford to move, so the mother now lives in daily dread of the return of the zeppelins, and wondering if her children will be safe while going to school or going about.

Then too, the population of London is completely underfed. On my last visit toward the middle of March there were many people of my own class who told me that they went to bed hungry at night. That sounds like an exaggeration, but it is not.

On all sides one hears the most pathetic tales and sees the most pathetic sights in England today just as well as at the front, but what I want you to realize most is that those women and those

men over there are simply war weary, and though some people have called it pacifism, I feel assured after spending some time in London that it is just war weariness—that these people have a spirit that is so beautiful that it is beyond words to express; that they are standing with their shoulders to the wheel; that they are standing fast behind their government and that every single, solitary woman and man in the whole of England, from the little girl of twelve or fourteen wearing her brown cotton smock and running on errands as a messenger for the government departments, is organized today for war, and that is what we must do in this country.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

BY EDWARD A. FILENE,

Boston, Massachusetts.

The certainty of victory and the length of time it will take to win it will to an important degree be determined by the extent to which the American people are willing to economize in personal expenditures. "Business as Usual" is a bad *war* policy, a bad *business* policy, and a bad *labor* policy. It distorts the nation's perspective and postpones the day when we shall see, to the last man of us, that the one business that now matters is winning the war and organizing a durable peace that shall give free and fearless play to the creative and constructive energies of the world. The restriction of personal expenditures to necessities will enable the country to concentrate its entire productive power on the things essential to winning the war. I am profoundly convinced that in making this statement I am true, not only to the best interests of my country, but to the best interests of my class—the business men of America. War will produce more business than economy will curtail.

On May 31 of last year I gave to the press a statement along these lines. The statement evoked from some quarters criticism as bitter as the agreement with it in other quarters was pronounced. Succeeding events have confirmed my belief in the soundness of this statement. I was not *then* in sympathy with such appeals as were being boldly spread broadcast urging people to keep right on spending as usual and branding economy as a sort of business treason. I